

Last Christmas For The Old Arts Building

John S. Smit

For eighty-three years the Arts Building has watched the trees on the campus growing to stately maturity with herself. Year following on year she has seen the bustling confusion of the fall opening slip into a short period of orderly routine before the winding up of studies for a brief period of rest at Christmas. She has marked the perennial desolation of the campus while her erstwhile inmates were enjoying the comforts of Christmas cheer at home. Yet they have been seasonable Christmasers for her, too, in a quiet way, with the regular Christmas appearance of the postman slowly crossing the snowy campus with his heavy mail bags, and the flood of letters dumped on her floor to be sorted in readiness to bring belated Christmas cheer to students and professors returning after the holidays. And as the years passed on, they have become proud Christmasers, as imposing offspring in grey stone began to spring up around her to supplement her work.

It is hard for thousands of graduates now scattered in all parts of the world to realize that this is the last of these Christmasers for the old building. This year is the last she will witness, the gradual whitening of the campus betokening the arrival of another winter, and next year a new structure will speed the happy departure of a homeward-bound Christmas throng. Yet the old must give way to the new, and the memory haunted rooms, and ancient carved desks must give up their place to new rooms and new desks to meet the new demands of future generations. It is well for this new generation, however, to sometimes glance back and see through what throes of creative evolution the housing of the Arts faculty had to pass before such new accommodations could be erected, and to realize that the new building was not simply created, but arose, phoenix-like, out of the ashes of the old—a new structure carrying out the old traditions in the spirit of the new. So as we hesitate on the threshold of our new heritage, is it not fitting to glance backward at the earlier days of its struggle for existence?

Though McGill is not to-day a residential college, in its first foundation provision was made for closer relations between professors and students by residence in a common building. The present east wing was originally planned as such a residence, but it was soon partitioned off so as to afford two residential sections. In the front part Sir William Dawson took up his abode when he came in 1855 and began to lay the corner stone of McGill's future greatness. The office occupied to-day by Dr. Nicholson, University Registrar, was then Dr. Dawson's drawing room, where he entertained his visitors. Students occasionally partook of his hospitality, and Professor Evans, now of the Department of Chemistry, has vivid memories of his visit here. Sir Arthur Currie our present Principal, now conducts University affairs from the room which once was the library of the former Principal, a fitting coincidence. The rear half of the wing was occupied by Dr. Baines, the rather eccentric executive head of affairs. With one clerk he carried on the work which now takes the time of a registrar, a bursar, a secretary, and their staffs—a rather striking illustration of McGill's spectacular growth.

At this time the building was only one storey high, and housed the faculties of Arts and Engineering, and the departments of Physics, Chemistry, Geology, and whatever Biology was taught at the time. Dr. Henry Bovey, father of our own Colony Bovey, was Dean of the Faculty of Engineering, while Sir William Dawson, in the earlier years at least, taught nearly

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WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS

What is Christmas? To the child,
Santa with his reindeer wild,
Entering chimneys of the town,
Noiseless fairy, jolly clown!

What is Christmas? To the youth
Giltz of skates or books forsooth
Turkey dinner, nuts and sweets,
Fire-crackers and other treats!

What is Christmas? To us, friend,
Coming home at the year's end,
Festive time with chime alone,
Outdoor sports and dance and song!

What is Christmas? To the old
Who find winter's blasts too cold
Loving friends and fireside cheer,
Nothing is to them so dear!

What is Christmas? To us all
Who can hear the angels' call,
Peace on earth, good will to men?
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

—A. M., R.V.C. '27.

OUR PRINCIPAL



A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

The season of gladness is with us once more, the time when goodwill and happiness fill our hearts and thoughts. Before you leave the University for the vacation let me take this opportunity to wish you all a very happy Christmas and a New Year full of hope and courage, of cheerfulness and success.

Arthur Currie

Locarno: The Christmas Gift of Europe

J. Gordon Nelles

The solution of a great problem invariably rests upon calculations of so profound a nature, as to stupify the limited vision of the average man. Such is undoubtedly the case in the field of Science. Such also, is generally the case with international problems. One becomes satiated with the daily newspaper dispatches in which the reporter in order to describe each tiny step in the progress of some political event, runs the gamut of every word and phrase of his astonishing vocabulary. Small wonder that these dispatches are no sooner read than forgotten. It was really only after the late war was over, that most of us were able to settle down and concentrate our attention upon the disturbing elements which precipitated the great catastrophe.

Thus it is that nine out of ten people are still blandly inquiring as to what Locarno stands for, and whether or not it is but another strand added to the ever-expanding web of European diplomacy. The answer to this, it is hoped, will be found below. For the purpose of this dissertation is to set forth clearly and concisely the significance of the settlements made at the Conference of Locarno. They do indeed constitute a gift to man and as such, should be included in his rejoicings over the happy celebrations of Christmas.

We all remember those tense days of August 1914, when before our bewildered gaze there rose the menacing spectre of a terrific struggle. The carefully prepared weapons of Teuton ingenuity had been unsheathed for conquest. But though the actual conquest wrought unparalleled devastation, it was the utterance of the German Chancellor as he stood brooding over the fast-expiring ultimatum of Great Britain, that proved the greatest obstacle in the way of all subsequent efforts to settle amicably the troubles of Europe. Von Bethmann-Hollweg turned to the British Ambassador who was present at the time and with expression of angry disappointment said bitterly: ".....just for a word—neutrality—just for a scrap of paper, Great Britain is going to make war."

This was the first cloud-speck that appeared over the horizon of Germany's serene vision of a quick and dazzling victory. It grew, dilated, and extended in a vast arc dipping its extremities in the ether beyond the two poles of the earth, until all the world became engulfed in the ragged mantle of annihilating conflict. The ship of Humanity had struck the mine of Imperial Ambition and mankind still remains shuddering from the shock of the explosion. For the black cloud of war which developed so rapidly only dissolved into air after a decade of agonized suffering. When the sun set on Serajevo in the Balkans in 1914 the world was destined to wait eleven years before it rose, unblemished, on a little town in the Alps. The town was Locarno and here for the first time the statesmen of Europe met with goodwill on every hand and a sincere resolve to smooth out the difficulties of their hitherto hostile countries.

There had been many previous attempts to build an enduring peace in Europe but each one had failed on the threshold of achievement because of the cynicism of the multitude. Statesmen had many times concluded far-reaching agreements, but the presentation of these to the nations on whom ratification depended, only drew forth contempt and cries of "a scrap of paper!" were hurled into the teeth of the ministers. When President Wilson returned to the United States in 1919 and held up for approval his fourteen points, he was submerged in a wave of bitterness. The phrase "a scrap of paper" had defeated him. In Canada too, and England and France, fear and distrust were so deeply rooted,

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Le Petit Parisien

Dear Monsieur McGill Daily:—
Joyeux Noel a tous, professeurs et etudiants! Bah heek, never have I feel so happy in my existence. I have sit down in frame of mind for inspiration, and have inscribe this piece of poetry—ze verse is original, ze chorue is to be sung to the grand tune—"Put on your Red and White Sweater!"
However, mes chers amis, Anglaise, de Buckette is original in all things, and we have one dandy title—Here she is!—MY SONG.

PUT ON YOUR SANTA CLAUS BEARD

Verse One
Oh ze Christmas bells are ringing
Very sweet and very loud
And I feel like dance and singing
"Oh la la!"
So I go to Monsieur Eaton's and I
Join ze crushing crowd
And I buy a set of shirts for my papa

Chorue
Here's to Christmas jolly
When we gather round the holly
And well drown all our troubles in ze wine.
For we'll have no lectures
Nor no stern professors,
But we'll raise hell all the time.

Verse Two
Then all ze merry students and ze
Stern professors too
Should forget examinations and
essays
And unite to make one protest to ze
naughty teachers who
Give us questions to write in
holidays.

Verse Three
Ze beefy rugby players can forget
(Continued on Page 2)

GOD REST YOU MERRY GENTLEMEN

(By "Nowell")

Christmas Eve, alone in the College
and three thousand miles from home,
with no old friends or relatives any
nearer.

I must confess I felt pretty blue
Christmas Eve and not a gleam of
Christmas Spirit anywhere. Being
unusually hard up I had not bought a
single present and had not even sent
one Christmas card. However I tried
to curl up a little joyfulness and
shamefacedly "hung up my stocking."
It seemed a little foolish and I was
just about to take it down, when a
rather thin but playful voice startled
me.

"Well old man, down in the dumps?
Come now, tell me all about it.
Doesn't she love you any more?"
"Really," I replied rather coldly as
I turned to see my visitor. "Really
I must say I think you take a great
liberty to bounce in, in this way, un-
announced, unasked, and I may add
unwanted. I consider your actions as
highly impudent."

The stranger laughed easily, un-
abashed by my ungracious speech and
in spite of my indignation, I could not
help relenting a little, as I saw before
me, a small, thin, gray-headed old
gentleman in a dressing gown. As
(Continued on Page 2)

FOOTBALL REFORM

(By Gridiron Gus)

Football reform is in the air. From
across the border come rumblings of
changes in schedules and training
activities and here in Canada there
has been considerable agitation for
a change in the Intercollegiate rules.
Reformers to the South claim that
college football is over-emphasized;
in Canada the grievance seems to
be that the game is lop-sided. The
idea of abolishing professional
coaching has also been mooted, but
no one seems to want the change
very badly nor to think that the
game would be improved by having
amateur coaching. Toronto has
thrashed the question out rather
thoroughly in an open debate and
have come to the conclusion that a
professional coach is the better of
the two.

The great grievance in Canada
however, seems to be not in the
coaching or the length of the season
but in the lop-sided condition of
the game. The defense is too strong
for the offense and there are no op-
portunities to score by playing
straight football. The games this sea-
son have brought this deficiency to
light more than ever before. Sta-
tistics show that there have been
seven touch downs scored in the
intercollegiate games played this
year and only one of them was scored
from scrimmage. The other six were
the direct result of either fumbling
or ragged playing by the opposing
team. Of the eighty-seven points
scored by the three teams thirty-
five came by touches and fifty-two
from the boot of the half backs.

The Canadian game has developed
(Continued on page three)

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT

Here's Christmas! Christmas back once more!
But twelve short moons he passed this way before.
I puzzle as I puzzled then to send
Something as fitting gift for you, my friend.
So hard to choose—just as it was last year
When pipe I sent to you in joy and fear.
Of size and shape what does a woman ken
Concerning man's boon prize for restful den?
But salesman suave, with eyes of pleasant blue,
Convinced me 'twas the perfect thing for you.
Unused it hangs behind your study door
On rack I gave to you the year before.
That tint to darken perhaps a shame would be,
Or of that bowl to mar the symmetry.
But be that as it may, I'll still persist,
And put you down for smokes upon my list.
And in persisting hope to 'scape regret
With some expensive make of cigarette.
And when I puff my own exclusive brand,
Hold thoughtfully 'tween the fingers of my hand,
I'll watch the forming rings of bluish-gray
And breathe a little wish on Christmas Day
That you will likewise look on misty rings—
Fit to rise and fade in gaze of kings—
Rings that will mingle in the air with mine,
And thus our thoughts may subtly intertwine.

C. DAVIES.

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CHRISTMAS

The merry Yuletide is here again; thoughts of our younger days rush in upon us, bringing reminiscences of stockings crowded with good things, sleigh bells ringing out across the snow, and cheery greetings of friends on every side. Nor can we easily forget the thrills with which we first heard of that mysterious personage called "Santa Claus", who was reputed to perform extraordinary feats in chimneys, and to provide presents for all who merited them.

Much of this we have outgrown. But there still remains plenty in the Christmas season to look forward to—many associations still cluster around the joyous festival. To those who are away from home and yet within travelling distance of it, the holiday provides a splendid opportunity for seeing again the familiar scenes and faces. While for those that cannot bridge the distance except by mail or wire there will be a tinge of sadness mingling with the "foreign" gaiety all around them.

We cannot help feeling that the Christmas of to-day is tending to become simply a time when a tremendous exchange of gifts is undertaken. Every year the stores inform us with glaring headlines that we should "Give her handkerchiefs" or "Give him gloves"; and as a result, huge throngs crowd the city streets till late into the night, while the employees wearily attempt to supply their wants. But perhaps we are wrong; in it all there may be a real spirit of giving which would justify the discomfort caused to some.

Yet we sometimes forget, in our rush and bustle, the first Christmas nearly two thousand years ago in the little village of Bethlehem, when the Christ-child was born to a woe-ridden world. The passing of the centuries has not served to lessen His influence and to-day many thousands in all parts of the world are proud to be called by His name. More and more the spirit of love rather than hate, and of giving rather than getting is making itself felt, though at times the forces of evil succeed in breaking through and shattering the peace of the nations.

Though the present traditions of Christmas are old ones, it seems that it was only by a coincidence that the day of celebration became a fixed one. It might easily have been, like Easter, a movable festival. Until about the third century it is believed that the sixth of January was the day on which the birth of Christ was remembered; but at that time the influence of Roman customs combined with other forces to settle the date as it is now, and such it has remained.

There is no place to which we can look for a more delightful observation of the Yuletide than to Merrie England. We have only to pick up our Dickens to find accounts of the pleasant ways in which it was customary for all to celebrate. Master and servants joined in the revels, which lasted for some time; if the weather was seasonable, there would be skating and sliding, while in the evenings the family would gather around the blazing hearth and sing the old songs or listen to a ghost story.

Such are a few of the thoughts that are in our mind as the presses wait for the Christmas copy. Probably we have not stated them as we would have liked to see them expressed; but one thing, at least we can say very clearly:—To all our readers we wish a very merry Christmas, and a New Year filled with happiness.

THE YEAR 1925

We realise that this is the last issue of the "Daily" during this year, and that when we rush into print again another corner will have been turned. And so, although retrospect is not always particularly pleasing, we take a hasty look backwards over the twelve months that lie behind us.

It would be readily admitted that the world at large is in a more settled state than it was at the close of 1924, although much has yet to be accomplished. The ratification of the Locarno treaty, with all that it implies, shows promise of better things for the future. Such movements as the Fellowship of Youth for Peace, whose representative, Mr. Thomas Que Harrison, has been addressing a number of gatherings of Canadian youth in this city, augur well for the building up of a barricade against war strong enough to counterbalance the forces of extreme nationalism and economic imperialism. There is a growing stability in Europe, where nothing but turmoil has been seen since the war; and with it all we would hope that there might be ushered in an era of "Peace on earth, goodwill to men."

The year in Canada has not been a very encouraging one, but with the marketing of a good crop at strong prices, there is every prospect that the coming months will see a revival of trade. The uncertain condition of the government following the indecisive election will not have a very steadying effect, but predictions to the effect that the present status cannot continue long may be right. Whatever the actual present conditions, there is a sincere feeling of optimism in all the large corporations' reports, and we can step ahead with confidence.

At McGill the year has not been an unusual one. There has been the usual round of lectures and sports and examinations and holidays, while one class graduated and another came in. But in looking forward there is reason for delight. After years of waiting, plans have now been approved for the new Arts building, and the structure should be completed before another Christmas. Thus will be remedied one of the outstanding inadequacies of the university, and it should provide for us all a fitting New Year's gift.

GOD REST YOU MERRY GENTLEMEN

(Continued from page one)

I looked more closely I gasped with surprise. "Well if it isn't old Scrooge! Scrooge and Marley! Where's Marley?" I asked now quite at home with my guest. "Oh, dragging around somewhere," chuckled Scrooge. "But look here, tell me all about it. I can understand, I was disappointed once myself, but I still remember her", and then a tender look came to his eyes and he was away in dreamland. He came back quickly however and sitting on the table looked sly at me from his twinkling eye and said: "Come now, tell me the trouble and we'll see what we can do."

His merry laugh and jocular but sympathetic voice urged me to speak. "Well Scrooge, as a matter of fact, it's not love this time. At least not quite that kind of love. The fact is I'm tremendously homesick. This is my fourth Christmas away from home, but I never had it so badly before.... Oh yes, I've had invitations to the country and there are many friends here in Montreal who I know would welcome me, but, — somehow, I don't seem to have the Christmas Spirit this year. You see I couldn't send any presents and though my folks quite understand I should have liked to have sent at least a card."

"Poor old chap," said Scrooge slowly. "That is certainly pretty tough there's no denying. You've got places to go to but you can't accept, because, because.... well, it's hard to explain why, but I know just how you feel." Then gazing silently out of the window, he sat for a while slowly twirling the tassels of his gown. Suddenly, hitting the table so hard that I jumped up in alarm, he cried: "Eureka, I've got it!" "Eh! what's the matter?" I asked. "I've got it, ha ha, the very thing. Why of course the very thing. We'll do it at once." "It's all very well having a good idea," I said in an aggrieved voice, "but you might let someone else share it instead of hopping around like a jack-in-the-box."

"Sorry," said Scrooge, without the least sign of remorse on his smiling face. "Sorry. Come on" and with no further explanation he led me through the window into the frosty night. In less than no time we reached a place I could only dimly recognize so I asked, "Where are we, Scrooge?" "Where are we? Where are we?" he echoed. "Why my dear fellow we are in the house you were born in and its 1900, the first Christmas you can remember."

And so it was. There was the whole family gathered round the fire listening to dear old Dad read the story of Scrooge. How plainly I saw everything, the old clock on the mantle shelf the book case and the table, just as they were sixteen years ago. How I drank in every word of it. How great to hear dad mimicking the characters though now and again I heard poor old Scrooge catch his breath, as if ashamed that he had ever deserved such a presentation. Then came the scene where Tiny Tim may die and dad, who doesn't like to show his emotions, simply had to stop to swallow that most annoying

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Le Petit Parisien

(Continued from page one)

their bruise and aches. Which are very much admired by their families; While ze home-brew and ze pudding that their darling mima makes Are in honour of ze day of victorie.

Verse Four
Ze pretty mad'moiselles which live in Royal Victoria Can leave cosmetics back at Alma Mater— In ze homestead where ze horses neigh and moutons cry "baa baa" Ze beauties naturelles suffice for pater.

Verse Five
Ze dry "de senectute" and les "contes de Rabelais" Ze Histoire and ze trick of "Pi-r-square" In Merry Noel holidays will not our mind dismay, As we sit down to our Christmas bill of fare

Verse Six
My mind is tinged with sadness when I think of all ze chaps That can join their meres and peres in festival. For ze stranger can have none of zat unless he may perhaps Celebrate with much good wine at Prince de Galles.

Verse Seven
So adieu my dear old campus, I will have to leave you now; For I go to spend Noel with my friends; If my dinner make me bilious I may say with much of groan; I'll be glad when this vacation comes to end.

And now I will have to run to catch my train, so adieu! adieu! Merry Christmas.
Yours lovingly,
AUGUSTINE DEBUCKETTE
P.S. I have catch the train.

lump that came to his throat. Even blowing his nose violently didn't deceive him or us. Finally however, he got through the passage and like the fiddler at Fezzwig's Ball plunged as a giant refreshed again to the fray.

Towards the end I began to nod and my mind was a pleasant jumble of Scrooge, tremendous turkeys, fat plum-puddings and mince pies, when dad, closing the book with a snap, wakened me from my sleep. The cheerless study, the unresponsive radiator so different from a roaring fire, and a sense of being alone caused me to exclaim disgustedly: "Faugh! a miserable dream! No family no fire no Scrooge. Nothing to make Christmas eve happy." Scarcely had I uttered the words when the strains of an old carol floated through the open window.

"God rest you merry, Gentlemen, Let nothing you dismay". I started, and then joined quietly in the rest of the verse.

"For Jesus Christ our Saviour Was born on Christmas day"

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FOOTBALL REFORM

(Continued from page one)

into a kicking game. It is a case of two bucks and a kick. And the worst of it all is that all kinds of interference plays will not get a team yards under the present three yard rule. No quarter-back, more-

over, will attempt an end run for the simple reason that the chances are two great that the team will not only fail to make yards but may lose yards on the play. Under the existing conditions it is practically an impossibility to get an end run away unless you have half backs with the speed of an Atlanta. The end play wide and wait for the end runs and the plays that go through the line are squashed by the secondary defense. Very little interference can be given to the ball carrier; if a line man over six feet tall does little more than fall flat on his face, he is off-side.

There has been many cures suggested and most of them are worse than the disease. Some say the forward pass would open up the game. A recollection of some of the games

this year leads us to believe that the forward pass has been adopted and it only remains to put it in the rule book. The forward pass as witnessed this year is not a success, not because it is an American importation but because there are better remedies for the game. Coach "Bill" Hughes of Queen's advocates four downs and five yards interference. With all due respect to Mr. Hughes' coaching ability, might it be asked how he thinks four downs will help the game? Give a team ten downs for yards if you will, but unless there is some opportunity for them to play the secondary defense the headlinesman will not move the yard sticks. It is the game as giving a blind man a dozen more chances in a thread-the-needle contest. In the second reform advocated by the Tri-colour coach he hits the nail on the head. He might have hit the nail harder and said eight or ten yards and he would be getting nearer the point. As long as there are second defense players like Warren Snyder, "Red" McKelvey and "Tammie" Boucher in Canadian football the more leaguer the offense is given the better the game will be.

The referees have come in for some criticism this year in both the stands and in the reports of the games in the press. Admittedly, a number of things have been missed by them. A referee, however, contrary to general opinion is quite human like the rest of us and has to depend on two eyes for everything that he sees. He cannot, moreover, be in two places at the same time, which is a so, I believe, a deficiency in most people. As a result, when a kick is fumbled and a break comes, there are times when he is not on the job. And games

The Old Arts Building

The following verses are respectfully submitted by Harry as a Christmas Carol for all students in the Faculty of Arts.

TUNE—"OH CANADA."

Oh Canada,
The Arts Building is to be pulled down,
All the interior from the roof to the ground,
To be remodelled on a modern plan
With an extension too.
But oh, thy glorious history
My rising soul would view.

Chorus

Oh dear Arts Building,
The soul of old McGill,
With thy high ideal my heart fill,
With thy high ideal my rising soul fill.
Oh dear Arts Building
After thy glorious transformation,
Perform mighty miracles by the power of education.
Inspire our hearts to play the man,
Like our brothers on Flanders' Field,
And may we during the battle of life
Our honour and country shield.

Chorus

Oh dear Arts Building,
The soul of old McGill,
To its Founder, Staff, and Heroes
Who have toiled through good or ill,
We owe deep gratitude, esteem, and goodwill.

(Arts Year Unknown)

are won and lost on these breaks and the referee is sometimes blamed for the loss of the game. The only remedy is another man on the field: a man whose job should consist in staying down with the half backs or at any rate in a position where he can get down before the ball arrives there. It is too much to ask any man to beat a kicked football down the field every time, and then run with the players to watch a forward pass or interference. A casual perusal of the existing rule book would also lead one to hope that a new one be drawn up before another season begins, for it is full of ambiguities.

There are also some who would re-arrange the football schedule on the ground that the finals are played in the snow, and not on the ground. That the final games of the year are both unpleasant for the players to play and the spectators to watch is quite true, but if the season were made shorter, there is a likelihood that the quality of the game would suffer. The football season seems quite short enough as it is.

Canadian football, it would seem then, is about to go through a process of re-modelling. Some well-meaning reformers advocate a forward pass as a means of opening up the game. Others talk of the English game and its superiority to the Canadian game. It reforms us to a few more yards interference and another official were put in force in the game we would hear little more of this idle talk. The Canadian football game, with a few minor changes, could be made into the finest sport in the world, both for players and spectators.

And now, what say the agitators to the South. From the mass of criticism that has poured forth from the press of the country, we are able to glean the fact that the game seems to be over-emphasized. College presidents say that there is an imperfect balance or a perfect unbalance of both and that football is more important now than the colleges themselves. The tail is wagging the dog and the hound is beginning to growl.

The Harvard Crimson has come out with a number of reforms that have been supported by some college newspapers and violently attacked by others. The changes advocated by the Crimson are for a shorter season and less emphasis on the game. The Penn State Collegian admits all this, but comes back with the retort that the emphasis is not hurting football or anyone. The Collegian also has a sneaking suspicion that Harvard's wall is a result of the Crimson squad's poor showing on the gridiron this year.

At a meeting of the representatives of twenty-seven colleges at Middleton sometime ago, the evils of the game were discussed. Professional coaching was attacked on the ground that the game was not a contest of undergraduates against undergraduates but coaches against coaches. The season, they claimed, is at present too long and should be cut to four games. These games should be played between colleges of relatively equal gridiron strength so that no more lambs will be led to the slaughter as in the case of Dartmouth's early season games with Norwich or Middlebury. Committees for an enquiry into the matter are being formed which will probably mean that there will be, as usual, a lot of hot air exploded and the thing will fade gently into the distance.

It is comforting to note that no committees have as yet been formed in Canada, and that when the rules committee meets, it can make some of these badly needed reforms, being the only body who have any power to do so.

SENIORS TO PLAY U. OF M. AT FORUM

Keen Hockey Expected Next Saturday at 8.15

The Senior team will play next Saturday at the Forum at 8.15 against the University of Montreal. The contest is expected to be very keen as U. of M. has been working hard to reverse last game's score.

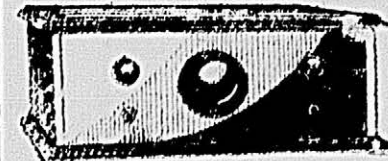
The teams line up as follows:
McGILL: U. of M.
Murphy, Beaumont
McMahon, Grapton
McGill, Macdonald
McKee, Des
Abbott (Cap), Einar
St. Germain, Lafrance
Subs:
Lynch, Cleard
Dion, Lavery
O'Donnell, Baldwin

Coach Frank Shaugnessy was re-appointed to take charge of McGill's team for another year at the regular meeting of the Athletic Board held yesterday afternoon.

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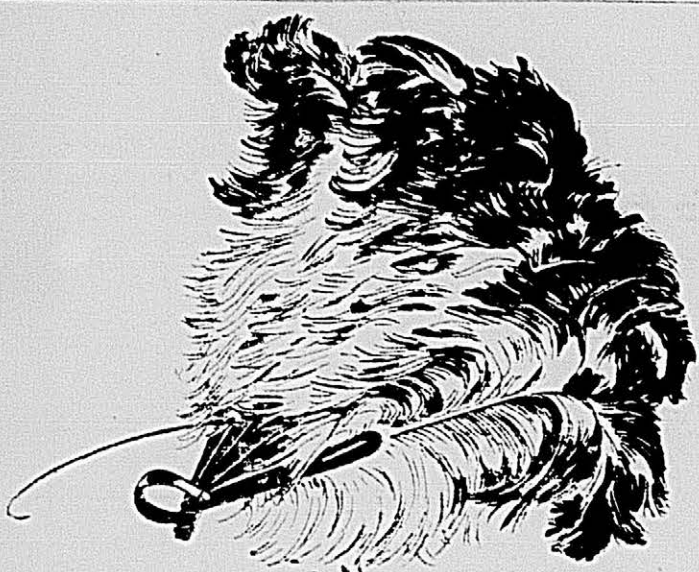
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AND

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

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Locarno: The Christmas Gift of Europe

(Continued from page one)

that no treaty with Germany stood a dog's chance when put to the popular vote. Sanctity, inviolability, were but words to conjure with, and 'to trust is to bust' became the slogan of the man-in-the-street. Some have even urged that when Germany spewed her neutrality pact with Belgium she was not the only treaty-breaker; had not Italy backed out of the Triple Alliance? Correct indeed, but there was a difference, for in the former case the cold calculation of criminal militarism was the father of the act, while in the latter, the warmth of an open heart inspired the repudiation.

And so at last the great powers gathered together at Locarno with the realization that unless hitherto unheard of concessions were made by both sides, nothing would be achieved. In fulfilment of this, the opening of the Conference was marked by an event unknown to any of its predecessors. Instead of days of wrangling resulting in a few grudging concessions, Germany gave immediate indication of the high price she was willing to pay to secure tranquil stability in Europe. She renounced all intention of attempting to recover Alsace and Lorraine which had been awarded to France by the Treaty of Versailles. This at least was something to work on, and when Austen Chamberlain, the Foreign Secretary of Great Britain, proclaimed in his opening speech the deep friendliness and equality of those assembled, a firm and trustworthy basis for discussion was established.

In the negotiations that followed between Great Britain, France, Belgium, Germany, Italy, Poland and Czechoslovakia, seven treaties were formulated which it is hoped, have guaranteed the peace of Europe for many generations to come. Certain it is that the recurrence of those profound miscalculations which induced the calamitous circumstances of the World War have been rendered infinitely remote. Initiated at Locarno on October 15th, the Pacts have since been ratified by the parliaments of all the nations concerned and formally signed by their representatives. In England the vote was 375 to 13 and in Germany 300 to 174 in favour of ratification. Thus for the first time since the World War these two parliaments have voted solidly in unison for an international issue.

The principal pact signed as a result of the Conference and on which the question of peace or future war really depends, is the Treaty of Mutual Guarantee between Great Britain, France, Belgium, Italy and Germany. By this pact the ambiguity which existed in August 1914 regarding the alignment of the powers, can never again occur. Once and for all it is settled that if German troops should ever contemplate marching westward into France or Belgium, these two nations may count on the immediate assistance of Great Britain and Italy. Had such a declaration been in existence in 1914, it is safe to say that Germany would never have risked the combined strength of the four nations. At that time her troops had already crossed into Belgium before she was certain that Great Britain would be aligned against her.

But the Treaty goes even farther than this and compels observance of the Versailles stipulations regarding a demilitarized zone along the Rhine frontier. Thus Germany is forbidden to assemble any troops or to build any fortifications within thirty miles of the Rhine and failing to comply with this, she incurs the opposition of the four great powers above mentioned, who have solemnly guaranteed the terms of the Pact. This is indeed momentous; for it reduces a strip of land, soaked red with the blood of periodical struggles between Gaul and Teuton for over nineteen hundred years following the withdrawal of Julius Caesar, almost to a condition parallel with the frontier between the United States and Canada! The British troops occupying Cologne and French forces elsewhere, are at present completing the evacuation of German territory and thus removing the last tangible cause of unrest and discord in Western Europe.

The other treaties drawn up at the Conference are mainly concerned with the eastern frontier of Germany between Poland and Czechoslovakia. The exact arrangement of these, while still a matter of dispute, is by guaranteed agreement to be settled by arbitration.

Even a superficial glance at the Pacts convinces one that the phrase 'a scrap of paper' cannot with justice be levelled at them. A treaty is only a 'scrap of paper' when its observance depends solely on the good-will of the parties concerned who sign it. The Treaties of Locarno are not subject to be defied or observed by the nations concerned, but are guaranteed by disinterested parties in the same way as a dollar bill whose value is not open to dispute between the buyer and seller of an article, but remains fixed by virtue of the guarantee which the government places upon it.

Over all these agreements there hovers the guiding hand of the League of Nations, as the final judge in cases of arbitration and as the Assembly into which Germany must enter in order that the Pacts may become valid. For by Article 10 of the Treaty of Mutual Guarantee which Germany signed and ratified, there is the virtual assurance of her entry into the League, at which time the terms of the Treaties will come into power.

In passing, the fact might be mentioned as not a little astonishing and decidedly significant that the European Powers have concluded a far-reaching agreement of peace without the help or advice of the United States. No vestige of an American representative was seen at the Conference. Hitherto such a one was considered almost indispensable, in order to placate the various disputants and smooth out the ripples of discord. Thus we have the happy sign that at least the continental nations have shaken hands in earnest and buckled down in all sincerity to the work of fabricating a constitution for that great ideal—the United States of Europe.

With the entrance of Germany, the League ceases to be a League of Allies which hypocrites have called it in the past. Moreover Germany has proved by this act that she prefers to join the concert of nations in promoting the progress of mankind rather than to grasp the extended hand of Russia in trampling upon the institutions which mark the only difference between the civilization of today and that of primitive man. Russia, which at the opening of the World War was regarded as the great steam-roller capable of crushing the invading hordes, until in 1917 its rollers rolled away and its steam evaporated, has gradually slipped farther and farther away from the light of advancement into the dark recesses of anarchical ignorance. Germany chose well, though strangely enough the hand that is leading her up the avenues of peace is the same mailed fist that led her armies into war. Truly, Von Hindenburg reveals himself as a man of many parts.

Only the British Dominions remain to be considered, for their acceptance of the Pacts is not included with the signature of Great Britain, but rests in the hands of the Colonies themselves. Their governments will acquiesce or not, according to the different view points which are entertained concerning foreign relations. But if we wish the League of Nations to become an

(Continued on page six)

THE SPIRIT OF QUEBEC

A Study in Canadian
letters

We have before us the sixteenth edition of that well-known book entitled "Price List," published by the Quebec Liquor Commission. Its successive editions speak well for the popularity of this original work. The volume is printed in both English and French, and to an unimaginative person it will serve as a convenient medium for the study of French idiom and usage. But, even if one is not academically inclined, this work is of especial interest to the college student.

Realism has been carried to considerable lengths in the past few years, and the present volume contains the epitome of realism and yet allows the fullest scope for the delicate use of the imagination. In the harmonious blend of impressionism and realism, no words are wasted; and we find the most suggestive impression created with very few words. It contains perhaps the closest approach to realism that can be found in the printed page; but unfortunately words have their limitations. However, by a judicious use of the material contained in this volume, one is able to transmute the aesthetic emotion derived from its pages into one of physical reality, no matter how passing that emotion may be. A headache is perhaps a light penalty for this delightful experience.

In the preface to this delightful masterpiece we read that "all sales are on a strictly cash basis," and adjusting oneself to this perhaps too commercial morality, the book is of great interest. The strongest chapters of the work are those under the headings of "Whiskey," "Gin" and "Rum," while those possessed of the temperate spirit of ancient Greece will perhaps prefer those chapters which deal with "Champagne," "Horse-goggles," and lighter subjects.

"All art is parochial," someone has said; and this work is strongly flavoured with the spirit of Quebec. Attractively bound for the Christmas trade in snow-white covers, this slim volume deserves a place on the Canadian five-foot-shelf. It is indispensable for reference, and we foresee a great future for this type of purely Quebecan literature. For those who live in less favoured parts of this continent it would be an admirable gift to present to friends at home. In those benighted regions this book might take rank as a masterpiece of imaginative prose. On the whole it is a book which is extremely satisfying, though it perhaps leaves a little to be desired.

TER-TOTALLER

DEBATE A DRAW

The Arts-Commerce debate which took place in the Union last evening, resulted in a draw. It is expected that it will be fought over again after the holidays. The Arts representatives were Alexander Galay and Edel while Miss Gravel, Ryan and Nees spoke for Commerce. The judges were Prof. E. E. Lloyd and Prof. R. M. Sugars.

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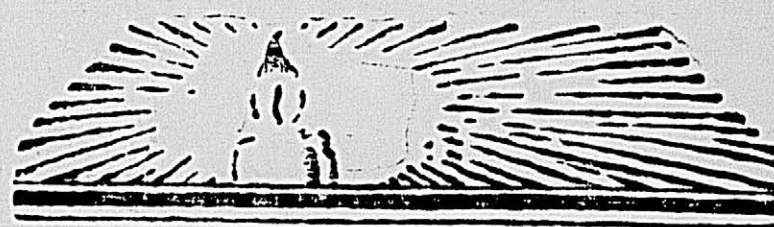
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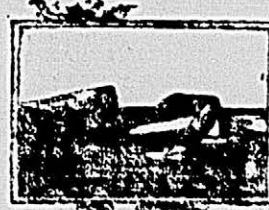
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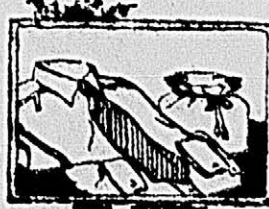
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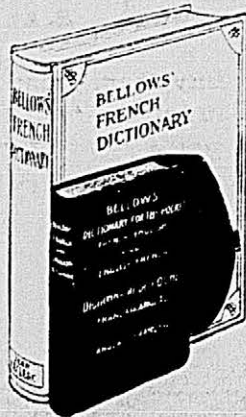
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1925 Buying Christmas cards

Scene: A downtown store, very crowded and busy.

"Yes, Madam, may I show you anything?"

"Oh no. Thank you. I just want to look around."

"Certainly, madame."

The stately personage then proceeds with her companion to gaze round the shop in an aimless sort of way for a few minutes.

"Oh—attendant!"

"Yes, madam."

"Will you show me some Christmas cards, I want to see some suitable to send away for Christmas."

Restraint of an urgent desire to tell her Ladyship that there are no less than three thousand such cards right under her nose, the gallant attendant merely replies:

"I shall be delighted. What kind of a card do you wish?"

"Oh—er, something, not expensive, not too large and something very nice."

Being an intelligent young man the attendant of course knows just exactly what is needed and carefully chooses his first sample.

"Now this, Madam, is a rather attractive card of an old time Christmas."

"But, my dear young man, that would never do; that would only be fit for a child."

At further clues. "Not too expensive, not too large, not too childish. Something nice."

"Now here is the very thing, Madam."

"Oh indeed is it? And madam laughs in a way that implies the attendant is quite dotty—"

"That is far too deep a colour—I wonder how it is you haven't such a good assortment as last year. I got all my cards here then. How much is this one? What thirty-five cents?"

"Gracious goodness! I want to take forty or fifty. I can't afford so much."

Another clue. Not too large, not too expensive, not too loud coloured and so on.

The attendant's next choice is a good plain card with just a few plain holly leaves and a sensible greeting.

"O dear—What a prosy greeting and how plain. Haven't you anything in a nice green?"

The patient young man now brings a deep restful green with just the right amount of picture and very delicate words. Even the customer is struck. Turning it over she finds the price to be twenty-four cents. This of course is too cheap to be good, but she refuses it by saying:

"I'm afraid that is hardly the right tint. The next is too dark, the third is too light while the fourth evokes thoughts something like this."

"Well, the poor dumbbell (or lady like words to that effect). Is he trying to play a joke or (softening) is the poor fellow colour blind?" Finally she speaks: "That is hardly what you would call green."

"No, Madam," queries the attendant, "remembering that a customer is never wrong. 'Well, perhaps not pure green, a little grey maybe, but nevertheless a decidedly greenish grey.'"

Where upon the lady turns to her companion as if to say: "Well, now did you ever! He persists that that is green when it is as orange as orange can be!"

Further search and rejections till finally he gets the very one.

"Oh isn't that just lovely, how exquisite!"

"Yes, madam, very artistic; and how many? Fifty, I think? Was it not Madam?"

A look of amazement passes over the lady's face and then she speaks.

"My dear good young man—I don't intend to buy any Christmas cards. I only came in to look around. I hope I haven't taken your time or troubled you at all."

"Oh no, madam, not at all," he lies, with a weak smile on his lips and a polite bow.

Last Christmas For The Old Arts Building

(Continued from page one)

all the science himself. It was not till about 1880 that the extra storey was added, and the Arts Building assumed its present external form. It was not long before Dr. Harrington, Dawson's son-in-law, was appointed Professor of Chemistry. (A story of his perfect sang-froid is related by Professor Evans. Dr. Harrington was preparing hydrogen one day in room 5, using metallic sodium and water. Apparatus was very scanty then, and he was holding the collecting bottle in his hand when the sodium and water exploded. Up flew the bottle to the ceiling, while the professor remained motionless with outstretched hand, dreading some damage to eyes or faces. The bottle however was unbroken, and fell back again into his hand, whereupon he promptly caught it. Looking up with a relieved smile, he expanded his chest, and remarked to an uproarious class "Gentlemen! I always do it that way!")

There was no real provision for a laboratory, but the section now used as a store room, just in front of the girls rest room in the east part, was equipped with tables and test tubes. About eight people could work in it at a time. This, with the addition of a tank sunk in the desk of room 5, which may still be seen, was the chemistry department.

One's attention is drawn to the way in which women first hesitatingly approached the awful portals of the house of learning. At first, of course separate classes were held for men and women. A man could not possibly attend to his studies when a sweet young interloper was demurely seated across the aisle! So the professors had to give repeat lectures to the young ladies when they assembled in the eastern part of the building. In those days, fountain pens were of course unknown, and the young ladies used to carry ink-wells about with them. Unfortunately these ink-wells had a remarkable propensity for spilling, very often over the front of their dresses. Then they would bethink themselves of the laboratory at the foot of the stairs, and down they would troop, and ask the lab people to remove the stains. In a humble kneeling posture the unfortunate laboratory people would attempt the sometimes vain task of removing the ink-well stains—without, at the same time, removing the colour from the dress.

Striking though the changes in the east wing have been, they are no more interesting than the metamorphoses of the western section. The room now devoted to steel lockers and tobacco smoke was the museum in the good old days when McGill's fossils could be contained within the bounds of a single room. Following the addition of Molson Hall in 1863 money was provided for the erection of the Redpath Museum, and the space left free by the removal of the collections was transformed into class-rooms to take care of McGill's now growing needs. It was not till some time later that erection of other buildings left this part free for its present purposes.

When Molson Hall was first erected, Mr. Molson never dreamed that it would ever provide quarters for freshmen, forced by unkind fate to march around on their toes in time to jazz music. The present gymnasium was once Convocation Hall, where many young fledglings received their passports of admission to the battles of an unsympathetic world. The lower floor, now taken up by locker rooms, showers, and offices, was then the library. It contained about four thousand volumes. The present overcrowded reading room of the library probably occupies a good deal more space than the whole space occupied by the library when it was in Molson Hall.

Of McGill's past shades, Walter Molson seems to have created quite an impression as a lively young spark. Professor Evans remarks that he was much addicted to wrestling and horseplay in the laboratory, and frequently required to be sat upon. Coming down the stairs one day, he and another student had a slight altercation, in which he pitched the latter through the bannisters. To-day the observant may see an iron strut just above the door leading to the dean's office, marking the historic spot. Stories like this are told whenever graduates meet the world over.

At the time we are speaking of, when the smoking room was still the museum, and chemistry was taught in room 5, the little running burn that first gave the property its name of "Burnside," was still twisting its way down the hillside, marking a line on which to-day stand the New Medical, Biological, Engineering, Chemistry and Physics buildings. A bandstand figured largely in the foreground of the campus, where at one time, many years before, a military band played regularly. Would that the founders, in the early days, when the Arts building, with its little trickling stream stood facing the future alone, could have caught a vision of the future, when massive grey stone structures should spring up to carry on the work which was taxing its strength too sorely to carry on alone.

May we, with our present material possessions, catch a glimpse of the earnestness and devotion which once quickened this structure—now soon to be of the past, and may the unchanged front of the new building prevent us from forgetting the aims and hopes of those who have gone before.

**UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA
AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**
Cor. Dorchester and Drummond Streets, Montreal.
Dr. Richard Roberts will preach next Sunday at 11.00 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.
Evening Subject: "God in Man."
At 7.00 p.m.—Choral Recital:
Fantasy—Martin Shaw, Lutes to the Lamps—Nathaniel Lett, Hal-
lelujah—Beethoven, The Holly and the Ivy—Rutland Boughton,
To the Evening Star—Granville Bantock,
Bryceson Trehan—Organist & Choir Director.
The evening service will be broadcasted by the Northern Electric Co.,
Station CHYC.
On Monday evening, December 21st, at 8.15 p.m., there will be an Even-
ing of Music, given by the Church Choir. Silver collection.

**SPECIAL CHRISTMAS SERVICES
EMMANUEL CHURCH**
United Church of Canada
DRUMMOND STREET
REV. J. W. G. WARD, D.D., MINISTER.
Services—Morning at 11.00—"The Message of the Incar-
nation."
Evening at 7.30—"The Daystar and the Dawn."
Men's Bible Class at 3 p.m.
A. R. GRAFTON
Lay Associate
HAROLD EUSTACE KEY,
Organist and Choirmaster

**PRESBYTERIAN
Church of St. Andrew and St. Paul**
400 Dorchester St. West.
(foot of McGill College Avenue).
11 a.m.—Rev. George H. Donald, M.A.
7 p.m.—Carol Service. Rev. George H. Donald, M.A.
McGill men and women cordially invited.

ERSKINE CHURCH
United Church of Canada.
Sherbrooke Street West, at head of Crescent Street.
Rev. E. Leslie Pidgeon, E.A., D.D., Minister.
11.00 a.m.—A Saviour Born.
7.30 p.m.—Following the Star.
Sunday School and Men's Bible Class at 3 p.m.
Special Christmas music under the direction of Mr. Clapperton at all
services.
Social half hour and musicale at the close of the evening service.
Students cordially invited.

FIRST BAPTIST
Corner Dorchester and Guy Sts.
Sunday, December 20, 1925.
Offers you Christmas Fare
Christmas music at morning service, 11 a.m. Also at 3 p.m., when
the Sunday School are having open session, with special music and
exercises.
7.30 p.m.—Regular Evening Service and Communion.

WESTMOUNT PRESBYTERIANS VICTORIA HALL

Rev. Dr. W. Harvey-Jellie will preach at both services.

11 A.M. Subject:—"The Emmanuel."
7 P.M. SPECIAL CHRISTMAS CAROL SERVICE.
Subject:—"The Christmas Message."
Soloists: Miss Beth Alexander, Miss Louise
Millward and Mr. Joe Beauchamp.

OPEN SUNDAY SCHOOL AT 3 P.M.

A Cordial Welcome To All Students

Kennedy Taxis Limited
wishes all the readers of the
McGill Daily
A MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND
A HAPPY NEW YEAR
UPTOWN 7600. UPTOWN 7600

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107 St. James Street

Clifford Scofield

PHOTOGRAPHER

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Sherbrooke Street West and
Simpson Street
Rev. Sydney B. Snow, D.D., Minister
Morning Service at 11 a.m. Christ-
mas sermon by DR. SNOW.
Christmas Carol Service at 7 p.m.
Reading of Oscar Wilde's "Happy
Prince," to incidental music by
Lena Lehman on the organ.
Address by Thomas Que Harrison,
of New York, of the Fellowship of
Youth for Peace on "Christmas
and the New Spirit of Youth."

HOCKEY—Beaubien Cup

Saturday, December 19th at 8.15 P.M.

Coupon

at Forum. Exchange for Reserved seats at Union.

FRESHMEN, SOPHOMORES, JUNIORS, SENIORS,
ATHLETES—

Do You Know? "HOW TO STUDY"

The Students' Hand-Book of Practical Hints on the Technique of Effective Study

By WILLIAM ALLAN BROOKS

A GUIDE containing hundreds of practical hints and short cuts in the
technique of learning, to assist students in securing MAXIMUM SCHOLASTIC
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Scientific Shortcuts in Effective Study.
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How to Take Lecture and Reading Notes.
Advantages and Disadvantages of Cramping.
The Athlete and His Studies.
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How to Study Modern Languages.
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Why Go to College?
After College, What?

Why You Need This Guide

"It is safe to say that failure to
guide and direct study is the weak
point in the whole educational ma-
chine."—Prof. G. M. Whipple, U. of
Michigan.

"The successful men in college do
not seem to be very happy. Most of
them, especially the athletes, are
overworked."—Prof. H. S. Canby,
Yale.
"Misdirected and, though honest
and well intentioned, may lead to
naught. Among the most important
things for the student to learn is
how to study. Without a knowledge

of this his labor may be largely in
vain."—Prof. G. P. Swain, M. I. T.
"To students who have never
learned 'How to Study,' work is very
often a chastisement, a flagellation,
and an insuperable obstacle to con-
tentment."—Prof. A. Inglis, Harvard.
Based on well-established prin-
ciples, "HOW TO STUDY" will
show you how to avoid the mis-
directed effort
Get a good start and make this
year a highly successful one by
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Gentlemen:
Please send me a copy of "How to Study"
for which I enclose \$1.00 cash; \$1.10 check.

Name _____
Address _____



The Big party
This New Year's Eve
will be at the
RITZ-CARLTON

Dance Music by
ANDY TIPALDI and his

MELODY KINGS

CANADA'S PREMIER DANCE ORCHESTRA

20 CLEVER 20

Special Supper
at 11 PM

Souvenir
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Table Reservations
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UP. 7180

Throw all care to the winds, for

CHRISTMAS IS HERE

and we want you to have

A RIGHT MERRY CHRISTMAS

and

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

To have had the pleasure of serving you during the past year has been a privilege. We hope to have the same privilege during 1926.

Kennedy Taxis Limited

UPTOWN 7600
Lowest Taxi Rate in Town

SPECIAL HOCKEY or SKATING OUTFITS



No. X874. OUR SPECIAL — Men's Hockey Boot, smooth grain cowhide, heavy webbing ankle strap supports, wide felt lined tongue, box toe, spring heel, McKay stitched, machine riveted to "Joe Malone" or "C.C.M. Rover" Tube Skates.
Price **\$7.25**

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Call or write for our Winter Sports Catalogue.

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At Christmas Time



So many people find it very difficult to choose suitable gifts for men.

Yet one can always be sure of pleasing "him" at Christmas when one buys the gift at Dack's—It will be exclusive in style, and supreme in quality.

A few suggestions follow:

Dack's Shoes, of course, Dress Footwear.

Also:

Slippers—Finest hand-turned, in choicest kid leathers, also cloth and bath slippers.

Spats—Best quality imported, English box-cloth, in all popular shades, made expressly for Dack's.

Fine imported Hosiery, of original and exclusive design, all weights.

Use Our Christmas Gift Certificates.

Orders from out of town will receive prompt and particular attention, and satisfaction is assured.

All Christmas purchases will be gladly exchanged to assure proper fittings.

Dack's
Shoes for Men
(from maker to wearer)

Mount Royal Hotel,
Montreal

What's On

TO-DAY

5.00—Red and White Revue Committee.
4.00—Arts '28 Hockey.
5.00—Physical Society.
6.00—Junior Hockey Practice.
8.30—Dr. Helen Woolley at R.V.C.

COMING

Dec. 19.
Last Day of Lectures.
McGill—U of M at Forum
Jan. 4.
Lectures Resumed.
Jan. 6.
Next Issue of Daily.

SOAPY, BUT SATISFACTORY

Johnny Vance had put in a call for his mother, one hundred miles away. He thought he would have time to shave before "central" was ready, but he had just got his face nicely lathered when burr-r-r-r went the telephone bell. Johnny talked to his mother with his mouth full of soap, but she didn't mind a bit—was overjoyed to hear his voice.

It's a habit with Johnny now, but he doesn't forget that "central" takes only a few minutes to "set up" that hundred-mile connection.

which take place from Dec. 20 to January 1. McGill will send four men E. Rutherford, who will compete in the proficiency and jumping events. R. Bolton, fancy skater, F. Taylor, cross-country skier, and J. McLaughlin ski-jumper, will be the Red-and-White representatives. An International Intercollegiate Winter Sport Meet is being held in Quebec on Dec. 30. W. Thompson, Captain of the club, J. Martin and perhaps P. Costigan will take part. Thompson will enter the cross-country and jumping events, while Martin will likely stick to jumping. Costigan is Intercollegiate Proficiency Champion.

All men interested in the Club are asked to get to training as they will be expected to compete in the Canadian Divisional meet early in February. Snow-shoos, skis and skaters are all in demand.

KLAN OF CANADA INVADES MCGILL

Letters with Propaganda Sent to Many Students

The Klu Klux Klan of Canada is on the war path. Following the report of the police who found a burning cross on the mountain the other night, many students have received letters and enclosed literature signed El Bo Fein, the King Kleeagh of the Realm of Quebec.

The envelope contains an introductory letter, a pamphlet setting forth the Positive Programme of the K. K. in Canada and a card enabling one to request full information and also an interview. One must, however, be white, gentle, protestant, and be engaged in a legitimate vocation.

The positive programme set forth is as follows:

To honor the glorious Union Jack as the sole flag of Canada and the British Empire.
To perpetuate a United British Empire.
To serve the Protestant Church.
To promote the Public School.

NOTICES

SENIOR HOCKEY

Will the following be at the Forum at 7.15 Saturday for U. of M. game: Murphy, McGerrigle, McMahon, St. Germain, Abbott, Mickles, O'Donnell, Lynch, Thompson Dion and McCole.

MUSICIANS WANTED

Wanted for dance orchestra—banjo, Saxophone player and drummer. Good prospects. Apply M. L. Wallnsky, Arts '28; or S. Criger Arts '28 or telephone Atlantic 5556—J.

ROBERT BRUCE AND ISABELLA MACRAE SCHOLARSHIPS

Applications for the Robert Bruce and Isabella Macrae Scholarships will be received up to January 6th, 1926. The conditions for the award of these scholarships are stated in the general announcement (page 39). Information can also be obtained at the Registrar's office. J. A. NICHOLSON, Registrar.

December 16th, 1925.

CHRISTMAS HOCKEY

Up to date there have been very few names placed on the sheets in the various buildings so as yet the existence of a Christmas league is uncertain. However these sheets will be on the notice boards of the buildings and the Union until Saturday noon and all interested are requested to place their names on them. If a sufficient number are interested a league will be drawn up and the schedule placed in the Union on Monday morning next. Otherwise the rink will be open to any student from 2-4 during the holidays. Also other arrangements for practices may be made by phoning the manager at Walnut 1720 or Uptown 4718.

W. I. WHITEHEAD
Manager, Class Hockey

LOST

Text book and notes of organic chemistry; in New Medical Building. Please return to Janitor of Medical or Arts building.

Religions change from age to age.
Now creeds spring up and die;
The youth scoffs at the ancient sage
And old ideas deny:
The Modernist laughs at old beliefs
And loudly calls for proof—
The atheist notices none of these.
But cynically stands aloof.

A young man goes to college
Filled with "Fundamental" lore—
Though he may gain poise and knowledge.

His beliefs are soon no more!
For college teachings in this day
And age are modernistic:
The change in thought in many ways
Make students atheistic.

I joined the modernistic trend
And thought it quite all right—
All old ideas must have an end—
Mine went without a fight:
But now I'm off this "modern" school
We can't agree because
I still insist—for I'm no fool—
There is a Santa Claus!!!
—Springfield Student

To fight for the sanctity of the home.
To promote Gentle Economic Betterment.
To advocate White Supremacy and Racial Purity.
To promote respect for Law and Order.

Locarno: The Christmas Gift of Europe

(Continued from page four)

harmonious assembly of the peoples of the earth and believe that we should extend the sense of our obligations beyond the community in which we live to an unselfish conception of international citizenship, then we will arrange ourselves alongside England and sign the Treaties of Locarno.

We see then that in this, as in all noble movements, every man and woman bears some degree, however small, of the responsibility for the consummation. Locarno stands but as a Gateway before the lands of Greater Peace; our statesmen have already passed under the arch and looking back at us, beckon to follow on hand in hand. "I have drunk to-night with the German Ambassador," said Austen Chamberlain at the Guild Hall in London some weeks ago, ".....and what we have done this evening may the nations do to-morrow."

Louis Decelles

Proprietor of the Windsor Hotel Barber Shop

Is Now Operating a Branch at
292, St. Catherine Street, West
(Next to Child's)

Plateau 0881

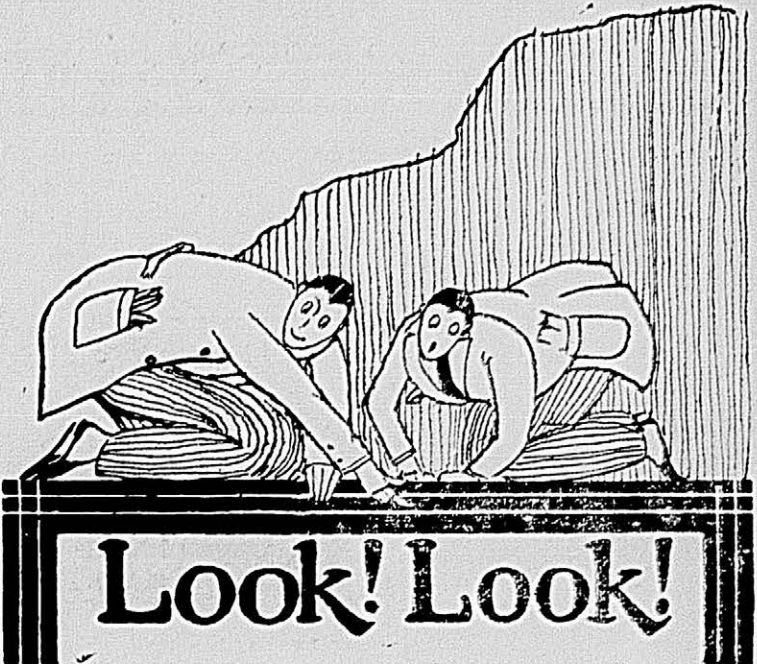
Montreal

An ideal gift for the man who smokes

Handsome Glass Humidor 1 pound \$3.25



Herbert
Tareyton
LONDON
SMOKING MIXTURE



Stewed Studes?

Nay, Nay, Asparagus! Fie upon such a thought. Stupefied Studes, that's all.

Why the stupefaction?

Well, a moment ago they perceived a taxicab wandering aimlessly in the precinct of Old McGill. And it wasn't a Yellow! "Ha!" they said simultaneously, "a stranger who knoweth not our traditions approacheth."

But it was no stranger, it was a fellow student. Horrors! They thought him demented, a dangerous maniac—hence their somewhat lugubrious leap to a position of comparative safety and their clamorous call to all and sundry to LOOK!

Poor fellow, when taxed with his misdemeanor, he explained that he wanted to be different. The stupendous stupefaction of the stupefied students shows he succeeded.

Still, any student who considers such questionable methods to achieve distinction is a little queer. We ask you.

Yellow Cab Co.
PLATEAU 6161 MONTREAL LIMITED PLATEAU 6161

Buy Gifts He'll Wear

GIFTS FOR MEN



SMART Montreal comes to Reid's at every season for the newest fashions in gents' furnishings and especially at Christmas. Everything here was chosen with the thousand and one masculine preferences in mind.

Acceptable Gifts for Men

Silk and Knitted Ties \$.75 to \$ 3.50
Knitted Silk Mufflers 2.00 to 10.00
Knitted Wool Mufflers 1.00 to 5.00
Cashmere Mufflers 2.00 to 5.00
Irish Lawn Handkerchiefs, half doz.75 to 1.25
Pure Irish Linen Handkerchiefs, each.25 to 1.50
Imported Wool or Silk and Wool Gloves 1.00 to 5.00
Unlined Wool or Fur Lined Gloves 2.00 to 10.00
Dressing Gowns and Bath Robes 6.50 up
Cashmere, Silk and Wool and All Wool Half Hose 50 up
English Box Cloth Spats 3.00

Shirts, Underwear, Pyjamas, Sweaters, etc.

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